MAYFAIR
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN
Vol. 11 No. 5 50p
BRITAIN'S TOP-SELLING MAGAZINE FOR MEN
THE NUDEST MISS NORWICH: we unveil another beauty queen
THE MAN WHO HOAXED THE WORLD
BRADFORD MARKET'S SEXIEST STALL-GIRL
FROM SCRAPYARD TO SKY: OLD PLANES FLY AGAIN
THE GIRL WHO SHOWED ALL AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY
QUEST: GIRLS WHO DO WHAT YOU'VE ALWAYS DREAMED ABOUT
AUSTRIA 40 SCH BELGIUM 63 FRS
DENMARK 12 KR FINLAND 6·50 FM
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ZOE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

Every year, thousands of hopeful artists submit their work to the Royal Academy in London with fingers firmly crossed that their own particular effort is good enough for inclusion in the Summer Exhibition. Most, inevitably, are disappointed, but last summer, none can have been sorrier than 19-year-old Zoe Evans. 'Not that I'm an artist myself,' Zoe is quick to point out, 'but someone had captured me in oils, as the saying goes, and submitted it to the RA. Unfortunately it was rejected. Shame really, because it was a super picture, with me all nude and

everything. I met the artist down near where I live in Barnstaple, he was on holiday and wandering around looking for things to paint. He said that I had a pre-Raphaelite face, whatever that is, and just *had* to paint me. I thought he just wanted a portrait and I was quite surprised when I discovered that he expected me to pose in the buff. So off came the knickers and the 36–24–36 was immortalised for ever. I was a bit miffed that the RA turned the picture down actually, so I decided to give the assembled throng a chance to see what they'd missed. On opening day, I turned up wearing a see-through dress, a pair of sandals and a sweet smile. I think you can safely put down that it left sweet FA to the imagination. The dress was very short and I was flirting about like mad, bending down every so often and showing my bare bottom while pretending to look at exhibits.' Zoe smiles. 'I think that in the end I proved my point: a live exhibit's much better than a painting – and *so* much more fun!'

'I still don't know much about insurance policies – but I adore their surrender value.'

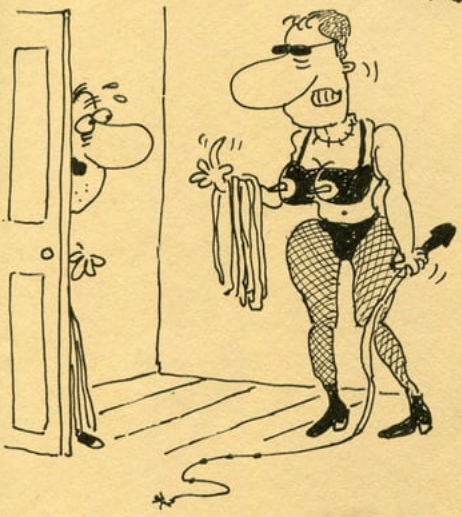
Insurance Uncoverage

Given our permissive times
Peter Maddocks wonders how insurance companies
are rising to the challenge

'I've got good teeth – are you third party, or fully comprehensive?'

'If I can keep my *premiums up, you can keep yours up, too!'*

'As you haven't brought any protection, I'm going to issue you with a cover note.'



'Good news, dear, you don't contravene the dangerous activities clause . . .'

'As a man from the Pru, with 20 years experience, I know a nice little nest-egg when I see one!'

SYLVIA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROY BREWINGTON

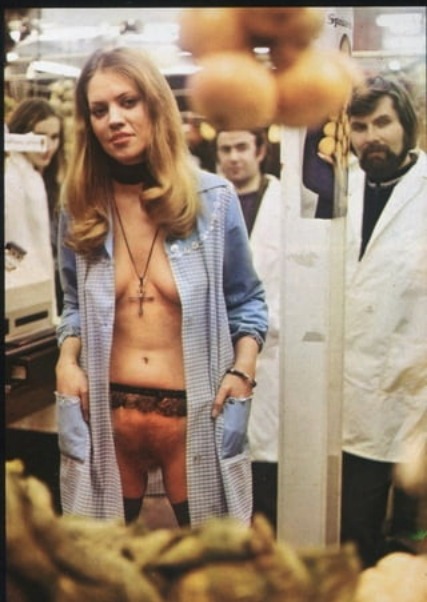
Sylvia D'Alembert dreams of the café scene in *Un Homme et Une Femme* where Anouk Aimée finally succumbs to the charms of racing driver hero Jean-Louis Trintignant who asks a passing waiter, 'Avez-vous une chambre?' Not you might think because the scene happens to be extremely romantic but because Sylvia would have loved to have acted in it herself. 'It was a beautiful moment,' enthuses this 19-year-old *cinéaste*. 'So true but so natural at the same time – it's so difficult to make acting look easy. I look at actresses like Anouk and Jeanne Moreau and I know that I can't help admiring them but they depress me terribly!' Swift laughter and flashing eyes

show the depression is short-lived. Sylvia possesses a sleek effervescence that will turn heads in any company, including the bar of London's National Film Theatre where our photographer first glimpsed her. 'I had no idea who he was,' she explains. 'I'd heard of *Mayfair*, of course, but I'd have expected an approach like that in Paris, not London.' Sylvia is an Anglophile. 'I have very good friends in Sussex,' she tells us. 'They are the family of a boyfriend I once had; he's in America now but I often cross the Channel to visit them. They've been very kind to me. I try to get across two or three times a year.' Otherwise she lives in a small but very comfortable Paris flat, eking out a secretarial existence with occasional work modelling for advertising and sometimes small – 'very small,' she insists – parts in films. 'It's not that I don't get offers,' she says, 'but they're the kind of offers that I'm not interested in.' A grin. 'And I'm not talking about unwanted dates!' She grows serious. 'It's very easy to find parts in films that are not

very respectable, since I have quite a good figure: 90–60–90 (34–23–34) and people say I can look very sexy when I try.' A demure blush. 'You must understand that I'm not talking about erotic films. I don't object to taking my clothes off if it's necessary for the part – in fact one of the first tests I ever had for the screen was to play a love scene with an actor in bed and we were both nude; we were giggling so much they had to shoot it nearly a dozen times – I didn't get the part! But I would never be interested in films that were just titillating for their own sake. It could be anyone's body, not my acting.' Sylvia prefers the more romantic days of pre-war Hollywood. 'I can watch those old films for hour after hour. It must have been marvellous to work in the same atmosphere as Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy. I know it must have been very artificial and tinselly, but that only meant that in the end you had to be very very good to be noticed for yourself. And I want to be absolutely fantastic!' You're on your way, Sylvia.

PAULA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROGER PEARSON



It's difficult to say which generated more excitement in Bradford: the local football team's amazingly successful run in the FA Cup or the tantalising glimpses of 25-year-old Paula Spratt's nude figure under a crisp white coverall seen by a lucky few in the town's Rawson Market in James Street. Paula Stevens, (the surname she now uses on her newly-launched modelling career), was, until the timely arrival of photographer Roger Pearson, working at Hirsts' fruit and vegetable stall in the market; now her 5 feet 7 inch, 35–23–35 is on view to a far wider audience as she's appeared in television commercials in the Yorkshire, Scottish and Midland areas advertising hosiery, sportswear and Slumberland pillows. Though Paula currently lives in near-by Shipley, she was born in Bradford and schooled at the Belle Vue Girls Grammar. ('I dropped-out, so no qualifications,' she grins). Then came the market. 'Don't forget to send my love to the guys who work there,' instructs Paula, 'they're a great bunch.' Gentlemen, consider Paula's love passed

on to you all. At night, away from both market and the world of modelling, Paula heads for either *Cinderella's* in Leeds or the *Merry Mason* pub in Bradford's King's Road. And for company? 'Very tall men with slim hips,' smiles Paula. Form a queue, chaps!

Elizabeth Beckett talks with an American accent though she was born in Henley-on-Thames, and went to school in Geneva. 'I hate it,' says 20-year-old Elizabeth. 'My father was posted to Geneva and I was enrolled at the American School. The accent I picked up from the teachers and my fellow pupils. The family has moved back to London and I have just tagged along. But at least I have my freedom. I found a job as a personal assistant to a publisher and Daddy helps with the rent . . . on my flat. I share with another girl. We went to school

Elizabeth

together in Geneva.' But Elizabeth isn't all that impressed with her job or life-style. 'I suppose I was spoiled. I had a lot of friends when I left school . . . I had a much more exciting life then. We regularly went skiing at Gstaad . . . a heavenly resort, very, very exclusive and expensive. Everything and everyone seemed to be much more accessible. I remember that once we motored to Munich for a party one weekend. Now, I just can't imagine doing anything like that from London, though a couple of friends and I did fly to Paris one Saturday morning, just to dine. We flew back on Sunday. Terrible waste of money really.' She grins, underlying the impression that she isn't all that bothered about it. 'I've thought about going back to Switzerland on a permanent basis, but haven't been able to make the break, though I do still go there regularly on holiday . . . that's where the photographs were taken.' She fidgets, brushes at her blonde hair with her hand: the breasts of her five feet five inch, 34–24–32 figure settle again unencumbered, under her polo-necked,

close-fitting top. 'I was a late developer. I didn't get my tits until I was 17 and had left school and gone on the Pill. Well, even now, they aren't *all* that big, not like some girls'. But still I have never had any complaints, and besides who cares, anyhow. We're all too hung-up about unimportant matters like that. It is a great help if you want to go bra-less. At least I don't flop everywhere. You might think that I'm a nutter,' she giggles, 'but you'll probably never guess that I play ladies' cricket, sometimes. I know most men look on it as a bit of a giggle, but we play very seriously. Now, no jokes about bowling maidens over, I've heard them all before. You could, I suppose, call me a sort of happy hooker . . . cricket, of course. I don't know how I got interested in cricket. I don't even remember if we played it at school. I suppose not because the school was really full of Americans and baseball or softball were what we usually played.' Elizabeth has no plans about marrying, but says that when she finds Mr Right it won't matter if he's not rich. Any takers?

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / ELIZABETH BECKETT

Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

An elderly Oxfordian don was to marry one of the most nubile girls in his class and before the big day went to see his dear friend and professor of medicine, for a check-up. His friend gave him a course of treatment and added that he would like to know how he made out on the wedding night. The two worked out a code, to spare the bride's embarrassment. 'If you feel a stirring send me a telegram saying "passed chemistry". If you can manage an erection say "passed economics", and if you actually make it say "received A in physics".'
Two days later the telegram arrived: 'Failed everything except French.'

At a divorce case, heard before a very strict judge, the only witnesses to an alleged adultery committed at a large hotel, were three West Indian porters. 'Ah looks in da room, and der dey was,' said the first, 'havin' a real cool fuck.'
'Don't you ever use language like that in my court again,' roared the judge. 'Next witness!'
'Man, I opens da door and dey is on de bed and dey is fuckin'.'
'I won't have language like that in my court,' reiterated the judge. 'Call the next witness.'
'Ah is gonna tell you in ma own words what ah saw in dat room. Ah sees ten toes up. Ah sees ten toes down. Ah sees two bare bums goin' roun' an' roun'. Ah sees beef goin' in. Ah sees beef comin' out. Man these two ain't effin' about.'

The innocent young girl was about to go out on her first date. Her mother was anxious and tried to persuade her not to go. 'He will take you out to the theatre,' she told the daughter, 'and afterwards he'll probably take you on to dinner. Then he'll invite you to his place and offer you a drink. You will go and once there he will take off your clothes and lay on top of you and I will cry.' The girl would not be dissuaded. When she arrived home her mother was waiting at the door and asked whether she had had a nice evening. 'Oh, it was wonderful,' replied the girl, 'everything was as you told me. We went to the theatre, had a nice supper, and then he invited me to his place. But it was all right – I lay on top of him. Let his mother cry!'

A sexually enthusiastic girl went to her doctor, complaining of stomach pains. The doctor, after giving her a thorough examination, explained that she had a bruised womb, and would have to keep off sex for three months.
Deciding that her recovery would be helped by rest and recuperation, she went to stay on her uncle's remote Somerset farm.
By the end of the second month she was feeling unbearably randy. In desperation she approached Hodge, the old cowman, and invited him to make love to her.
'Oooh. Oi don't know about that,' he said. 'Oi've never gone in for it . . .'
The girl took him to the barn and proceeded to show him what to do. Once he'd picked up the technique she said to him: 'Now Hodge, there's just one thing. When you get a tingling sensation in your testicles, pull it out or you will give me a baby.'
'Oooh, aw roight, Miss,' he said, and started a steady persistent stroke. After three quarters of an hour he rolled off, exhausted.
The girl, equally tired, gasped: 'Hodge, that was absolutely fantastic . . . I have never had one like that before. But didn't you get a tingling feeling in your testicles?'
'No, Oi didn't 'ave that, Miss,' he replied, 'but Oi did 'ave six little pisses . . .'

Have you heard about the village idiot who thought an itchy fanny was a new Japanese motorbike?

One evening, while doing his homework, a young boy turned to his father and asked: 'Daddy, where did I come from?'
His father, being unprepared to answer such a question, thought quickly and told the boy that they had found him under a gooseberry bush, not wishing to get involved in a sex education lesson.
The boy carried on doing his homework but then asked: 'Daddy, where did you come from?'
Being more composed, his father told the boy that he had been delivered by the stork.
The boy returned to his homework but after a few minutes again turned to his father and asked: 'And where did grandad come from?'
'Oh,' replied the boy's father, convinced he had weathered the storm, 'he came from a baby shop situated in the High Street.'
After squiggling something into his notebook the boy said goodnight to his father and went up to bed.
So curious was his father that he picked up his son's exercise book and found where the boy had been writing. It read: 'As far as I can ascertain, there has been no sexual intercourse in our family for three generations.'

Why do elephants have Big Ears?
Because Noddy won't pay the ransom.

In the dancehall, a young but nevertheless good looking boy approached a particular girl who had taken his fancy.
'Excuse me, Miss, would you care to dance?' he asked her.
'I'm afraid I never dance with a child,' was her haughty reply.
'I'm sorry,' said the lad, being somewhat of a wit. 'I didn't know you were pregnant.'

There was a young lady named Rose
Who'd occasionally straddle a hose,
And parade about, squirting
And spouting and spurting
Pretending she came like her beaux.

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2. There is a free subscription for the reader whose letter is selected. In case of duplication of jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on awarding a subscription is final.

JOANNE

Cosmopolitan would be a good word to describe Joanne Miller. Intelligent, articulate, strong-willed – an archetypal girl of the seventies. Joanne was born in St. Albans twenty years ago this month. 'That makes me a Taurus,' she says with a smile, 'and if ever there was a typical Taurean it's me. I'm stubborn, really mule-headed sometimes, often lazy, materialistic, comfort-loving and as far as men are concerned, I'm dreadfully possessive. That's not a very attractive picture is it?' She laughs. 'But Taureans are honest as well. I'm always getting into trouble for speaking my mind. I had this boyfriend once who bought himself a really expensive suit and asked me what I thought of it. Now I honestly truthfully didn't like it and told him so, which of course annoyed him and this in turn led to a quarrel which in turn led to him bidding me a far-from-fond farewell. I somehow always seem to end up offending men. Maybe it's me, maybe it's them, but I do wish that I could find someone with whom I could have a normal, stable relationship. I fall in love terribly

easily and devote myself entirely to whoever it might be. I'll do anything he wants me to, sexual or otherwise. But I get jealous so easily and as most men nowadays seem to think that fidelity's a bit old-hat, I find myself being told that I'm too smothering, if you know what I mean. I don't have a boyfriend at the moment. At the risk of sounding terribly pseud, I'm trying to find myself – get myself sorted out. I don't know what I want to do career-wise. I've travelled quite a lot, been to virtually everywhere in Europe and I've had a variety of jobs. Everything from dishwasher to dog-walker! Modelling was one thing I hadn't tried until my best girlfriend did a confidence-boosting persuasion job on me. She's done a bit of modelling herself and she told me that my face and figure would go down well. So here I am, all 5 feet 6 inches and 34–24–34 of me. I'm always getting told

my face is familiar. I get men coming up to me and saying things like "aren't you the girl in the such-and-such advert?" or even, would you believe, "haven't I seen you somewhere before?" I thought that line went out with the Dodo, but I get this happening to me so often that I guess I must have a familiar sort of face. Who knows, maybe I will be famous one day, and you'll be able to say "I knew Joanne way back when she was a lost little girl looking for someone to love and love her back." Is that a description of me? Sounds a bit pathetic doesn't it, but yes, I suppose you could say that it just about sums me up. But I am a great optimist. Something will turn up. It always does!'

ETERNAL ORACLES

Illustrated by Ronald Cobb: No. 21

Those babbling rosy lips are maddening,
the porches of a good-tasting mouth,
sucking at my soul;
my heart is taken without struggle
in the nets and traps of her eyes
glinting with suddenness beneath her thick
eye brows;
her breasts are beautiful milk white, well
shaped, ripe for tussling.
But why show bones to other dogs?
It is better not to advertise for witnesses.

original by Dioskorides
(A native of Nikopolis,
he lived in the third
century BC. Over 40
of his poems survive.)

Roz Matthews the former Miss Norwich

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
RON MIDDLETON

Twenty-two-year-old, green-eyed brunette, Rosalind Matthews is used to being in the public eye. For Roz, as she likes to be called, has plied the beauty contest catwalks since she was 17, collecting titles and prizes and winning the fancy of men all over Norfolk. 'It's strange,' says five feet nine inch tall Roz, a former pupil at Heatherset Old Hall School, just outside Norwich, 'how I got into the beauty contest business. I went to a model agency to get a Saturday morning typing job. They offered me a course

NORWICH

and suggested I entered local contests.' In 1971 Roz won the Miss Norwich title and went on to finish fifth in the Miss England competition. The following year Roz again won the Miss Norwich title, and in 1973 became Miss Yarmouth and a finalist in the Miss United Kingdom contest. In between she took a host of local titles and did promotion work for Watneys, Smith's Crisps, Correna sunglasses, and has done a bit of extra work for television. 36C–24–36 Roz was also, for a time, on

a two-year home economics course at Norwich Technical College, but in common with most of the other class-members, dropped out half-way through. Roz is a bit harsh on Norwich's nightlife. 'There's not much here,' she sighs. 'I sometimes go to Scamps disco in Anglia Square or to Crockers in Rose Lane. But I prefer going to parties or to the pub – the Trowel and Hammer in St Stephen's Road. It used to be the college pub.' Was there any hanky-panky at beauty contests? 'I've heard of judges propositioning girls. It doesn't happen often though . . . Men? I've been going out with boys since I was 13. I like them fairly tall and not too skinny. But I'm adaptable.'

CORINNA

Whoever first coined the phrase 'good things come in small packages' was obviously not aware of the stupendous 44D–25–36, 5 feet 5 inch figure of 23-year-old Corinna Mujica. ('You pronounce it *mooheecar,*' advises Corinna, 'It's Spanish.') Corinna was born in Trinidad in the town of San Fernando and came to England at the age of six. She now lives in London's Notting Hill Gate, not that far from the famed Portobello Road, and until recently worked in one of the tiny antique shops which are thick on the ground in this particular part of London.

'I was perfectly happy and left on the best of terms with the owner,' says Corinna, 'but I used to get so many people telling me that I should be in modelling that

I eventually gave in and decided I'd give it a try – even if only to get some peace! It's been fun so far, new experiences usually are, but I miss some of the crazy things that used to happen in the shop. I remember on one of those really hot days we had last summer, I was at work wearing a very revealing top when a man came in and began to browse through our collection of old brass. I asked if he was looking for anything in particular and he replied, 'No, not really, I was actually just admiring your knockers.' The second the words were out of his mouth he realised the double-meaning in what he'd said and turned bright crimson.

I curled up laughing and he started stammering out apologies which made the whole thing even funnier.' Corinna chuckles at the memory. 'Poor man, I had to buy him a reviving drink. Maybe it was an opening gambit. If so, it was very original!'

CARRIE

Troop manoeuvres take on a new meaning when Carrie visits the army

ASSAULT
COURSE
MARIO
CAPALDI